

# Suspense

## The Furnished Floor

*Originally aired September 13, 1945*

Transcribed by The Indefensible Craig Gustafson for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations.  
[www.ttdyradio.com](http://www.ttdyradio.com)

### CAST:

ANNOUNCER –  
 THE MAN IN BLACK –  
 MRS. HAWKINS –  
 MR. JENNINGS –

### Sound Effects

Doorbell - live  
 Footsteps live  
 Door opens & closes - live  
 Door slams- live  
 Door creeeeaks open- live  
 Canary- live  
 Dumb Waiter trundling. - live  
 Key in lock- live  
 Strong wind- live  
 Body thump- live

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**ANNOUNCER:** The Roma Wines Company of  
 Fresno, California presents...

### MUSIC: THEME. AFTER SECOND BELL TOLLS:

**MAN IN BLACK:** Suspense! Tonight, Roma Wines bring you Miss Mildred Natwick and Mr. Don DeFore as stars of "The Furnished Floor", a Suspense play produced, edited and directed for Roma Wines by William Spier.

### MUSIC STING.

**ANNOUNCER:** Suspense – radio's outstanding theatre of thrills – is presented for your enjoyment by Roma Wines. That's R. O. M. A. Roma Wines! Made in California for enjoyment throughout the world. Those excellent California wines that can add so much pleasantness to the way you live: to your happiness in entertaining guests. To your enjoyment of everyday meals. Yes, right now a glassful would be very pleasant, as Roma Wines bring you a remarkable tale of... Suspense!

### MUSIC: THEME IN, UNDER

**MAN IN BLACK:** And with "The Furnished Floor", a new study written for suspense by Lucille Fletcher, the author of "Sorry, Wrong Number" and other distinguished radio plays; and with the performances of Don DeFore as Mr. Jennings and Mildred

Natwick as Mrs. Hawkins, Roma Wines hope indeed to keep you in... Suspense!

**MUSIC: UP AND OUT**

**HAWKINS:** (*Babbling*) Sit down, rest yourself a minute, Mrs. McIntyre and take a cup of tea. I got some news for you. You'll never guess it in a hundred years. Do you remember that Mr. Jennings – you know, my nice tenant that moved away last year? A tall, thin fella, the one with the pretty little wife, Mabel, who died so sudden last October. Oh, sure, you know him; most devoted husband I ever seen. Always bringing her flowers, and billing and cooing.

**MUSIC: UP SOFTLY UNDER DIALOGUE**

**HAWKINS:** He moved out upstairs about two weeks after she died. So heartbroken, he was; sold every stick of furniture, got rid of the canary and the piano and just skidooed. I expected to hear any day that they had fished him up out of the river, but no. This morning, while I'm cleanin' down the stairs, who do you think should ring my bell?

**SOUND: DOORBELL, THEN FOUR FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS. A STRONG WIND BLOWS.**

**JENNINGS:** (*Cheerfully*) Hello, Mrs. Hawkins! Remember me?

**HAWKINS:** Why, it's Mr. Jennings!

**MUSIC: STING. MUSIC OUT.**

**HAWKINS:** My lands, Mr. Jennings, you sure gimme a turn. I never expected to see you around this neighborhood again!

**JENNINGS:** Well, here I am!

**SOUND: DOOR SHUTS. WIND OUT.**

**JENNINGS:** How's the upstairs floor?

**HAWKINS:** Just as you left it, Mr. Jennings. I haven't rented it to a soul.

**JENNINGS:** Well, I want to rent it again.

**HAWKINS:** But... *you*, Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** That's right. I'm setting up housekeeping again.

**HAWKINS:** If that don't beat... getting married again, Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** In a way.

**SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, WHICH CONTINUE UNDER.**

**JENNINGS:** Let's run up and take a look, shall we?

**HAWKINS:** (*huffing a little*) Oh, ok, if you say so. Won't it make you feel kind o' blue to see the old place again?

**JENNINGS:** Blue? Why should it?

**HAWKINS:** Well... memories, you know.

**JENNINGS:** That's just what I want to find – memories. Everything just as it was.

**HAWKINS:** Huh!

**JENNINGS:** I hope you've left it just the same, Mrs. Hawkins. No painting or new wallpaper?

**HAWKINS:** (*getting winded*) Uh, not yet. I'll fix it up to please a new tenant.

**JENNINGS:** Oh, leave it just as it was. Please. For me.

**HAWKINS:** (*getting her breath.*) Ahhhh. Well, here's the keys. Maybe you'd like to go in and look around by yourself.

**SOUND: KEY ENTERING A LOCK.**

**JENNINGS:** No. Do come in, Mrs. Hawkins.

**SOUND: DOOR CREAKS OPEN.**

**JENNINGS:** You were always so very kind. More a friend than a landlady.

**SOUND: SLOW FOOTSTEPS, WHICH CONTINUE UNDER.**

**JENNINGS:** Ohhhh, how beautiful it looks, even bare. The sunshine always was so warm up here. And the trees! Why, I'd almost forgotten how close the trees were. And there's the mark our sofa made against the wall. And the square shapes of our pictures, still on the wall.

**HAWKINS:** (*slightly embarrassed*) Well, it could stand a good cleanin', of course.

**JENNINGS:** Do you remember how Mabel used to sit here of an evening and sing? How the upright was over there and over it the Maxfield Parrish? And over near the bay window, above the ferns, the canary sat in his cage and when she sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", he'd always sing with her...

**HAWKINS:** Oh, come now, Mr. Jennings, you'll be getting yourself all fretted up.

**JENNINGS:** Aw, no, no – I assure you, Mrs. Hawkins, it's very important. You see – I'm gonna have it again. Just as it was.

**HAWKINS:** Is that so?

**JENNINGS:** I made a list! But in a year, so many details escape one; like those ferns, for instance. Why, I'd almost forgotten how she loved ferns. Oh, yes – and there was something over in that corner. What was it? A rocker! Her mother's old rocker. It used to squeak over a loose board whenever anybody sat in it.

**HAWKINS:** You mean, you're gonna try and find all them things again, Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** Yes.

**HAWKINS:** But you sold all them to junk dealers, you gave ‘em all away. Why, you scattered ‘em every which way when you broke up your home.

**JENNINGS:** I’ve already been looking. I’ve collected a lot of things. It isn’t so hard. You see, our furniture wasn’t very precious – to anyone but us.

**HAWKINS:** Well, course, you know what your doin’, Mr. Jennings. It’s none of my business, I suppose.

**JENNINGS:** Oh, will two months rent be enough in advance, Mrs. Hawkins? I won’t be moving in for another couple of weeks, but from time to time I’d like to have things delivered.

**HAWKINS:** Oh, two months’ll be just dandy. I’ll make you a special bargain price, too, seein’ you don’t want no redecoratin’. You’re... sure your... lady friend won’t want none neither, Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** (*smiles*) I hardly think so.

**HAWKINS:** Well... I hope you’ll both be very happy here. Nice to have you back in the neighborhood.

**JENNINGS:** It’s good to be home!

**MUSIC: BRIDGE.**

**HAWKINS:** Now, Mrs. McIntyre, what would you have done in my place? I admit it give me a funny feeling, you know. You would think a man’d have more respect for the dead (and her dead only less than a year) than to bring a new wife plum back to the same floor and the same furniture, and I say, what kind of a woman is *she*, too, to stand for that kinda nonsense – of course, it ain’t *really* none o’ my business. Besides, two months rent (*fading out*) is two months rent.

**SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS TWICE, MRS. HAWKINS SIGHS; THEN FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS. CANARY TWEETS.**

**HAWKINS:** Why, Mr. Jennings! What're you doing here this time of night?

**SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, CONTINUING UNDER.**

**JENNINGS:** I'm moving in!

**HAWKINS:** Movin' in?

**JENNINGS:** I intended coming in much earlier, but I had so many last minute things to do...

**SOUND: CANARY TWEETS, CONTINUES UNDER.**

**JENNINGS:** ...like picking up Dickie and –

**HAWKINS:** Now don't tell me that's your old canary, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** Yes! It's little Dickie. I found him in a pet shop on Third Avenue, in his old cage. Ha. He looks pretty chipper, doesn't he?

**HAWKINS:** Well, aren't you the one! I'd have thought he'd have died of lonesomeness ages ago.

**SOUND: CANARY STOPS.**

**JENNINGS:** Did all my furniture and things get here, Mrs. Hawkins?

**HAWKINS:** Just about. They've been deliverin' off and on for the last week. You sure got everything back, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** Well... pretty nearly everything. A couple of rugs are missing and our old kitchen table and – oh! Say! I got the piano! I bought the old upright back from the Sunday School. Boy, I've been more than lucky.

**SOUND: CANARY TWEETS, CONTINUES UNDER FOR A LINE OR TWO.**

**JENNINGS:** Uh, Mrs. Hawkins – you won't mind, will you, if I start moving some of it into place tonight? I'll be very quiet.

**HAWKINS:** Tonight? Oh, it's prit' near midnight, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** Yes, I know, but I have to work all day tomorrow and the next day – you see, there's so little time...

**HAWKINS:** Oh, you're expecting her soon?

**JENNINGS:** Very soon.

**HAWKINS:** Oh, well...

**JENNINGS:** It's got to be all ready before she comes. Otherwise – she won't come.

**HAWKINS:** Well, you don't say, Mr. Jennings.

**SOUND: CANARY TWEETS, CONTINUES UNDER FOR A LINE OR TWO.**

**JENNINGS:** So, if you don't mind – it'll be for a few nights. And I won't move any of the heavy pieces after midnight. If... if you only knew what this means to me, Mrs. Hawkins... how I've waited for *months*...

**HAWKINS:** Is that so, Mr. Jennings? Well. I'm sure glad you found somebody to make a home for you again and I hope she's the right girl for you and is gonna make you happy.

**JENNINGS:** Ohhh, she will, all right!

**HAWKINS:** Course, (*clears throat*) there are *some* people I know say a man ought to wait a couple of years, but – well, I was only sayin' yesterday, certain men are natural born husbands, and homebodies – they need a home and a woman to look after 'em...

**SOUND: CANARY TWEETS, CONTINUES UNDER FOR A LINE OR TWO.**

**JENNINGS:** Yes, yes, that's true. Well, good night, Mrs. Hawkins.  
(*Fading out*) I'll try not to disturb you.

**SOUND: TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS, PARTING.**

**HAWKINS:** Good night, Mr. Jennings.

**MUSIC: BRIDGE.**

**SOUND: CREAKING DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS  
CONTINUE UNDER SCENE.**

**HAWKINS:** Come in, Mrs. McIntyre. No, no, it's okay – he's at the office, he'll never know we come up. Yeah – take a look around. Ain't it something! Everything fixed up down to the last knife and fork just exactly the way *she* had it. Don't it give you the creeps?

**SOUND: CANARY TWEETS.**

**HAWKINS:** Yep. That's the same canary, singin' in his cage just like it used to and look, Mrs. McIntyre, come here in the bedroom. He's even got her clothes hung up in the closet. Now I'm askin' you, Mrs. McIntyre, (*fading out*) what do you think the second Mrs. Jennings is gonna say to *that*?

**SOUND: KEY OPENS LOCK. FRONT DOOR OPENS.  
FOOSTEPS. JENNINGS STARTS WHISTLING "SWING  
LOW". HAWKINS' DOOR OPENS.**

**HAWKINS:** Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** (*Startled*) Hello, Mrs. Hawkins.

**HAWKINS:** Well, I've been beside myself with worry, Mr. Jennings.  
Where you been all this time – if I may ask?

**JENNINGS:** Right here.

**HAWKINS:** Right here?



**JENNINGS:** Didn't you hear us come in? I've been to work all day, of course, but last night, a little after one. Well, perhaps you were sleeping.

**HAWKINS:** Us? You mean, you and...

**JENNINGS:** (*Pleased*) Well, yes! She's come!

**HAWKINS:** You mean – she's been upstairs all day?

**JENNINGS:** Certainly!

**HAWKINS:** But – I haven't heard a sound.

**JENNINGS:** Probably she's sleeping. She was... she was very tired. The trip was more exhausting than I dreamed.

**HAWKINS:** Well. You might have stopped by and told me on your way to work this morning, Mr. Jennings. Course, it's none of my business, but I could have at least introduced myself to my own tenant and maybe even helped her out.

**JENNINGS:** Ohhhh, it's all right. She doesn't want to see anybody just yet.

**HAWKINS:** No? Well, of course, *I* wouldn't intrude on *your* privacy for anything, Mr. Jennings. Although, I'm sure, when the first Mrs. Jennings was alive we were all friends here.

**JENNINGS:** (*Warmly*) Oh, no, no, it isn't that. It's only that in these first few days, everything is so new and strange. She's not quite herself.

**HAWKINS:** (*Semi-convinced*) Well, okay, Mr. Jennings. You know best. But if you should want me, you just call down the dumb waiter and I'll be right up.

**JENNINGS:** Thanks, Mrs. Hawkins! Thank you.

**MUSIC: BRIDGE MUSIC CREEPS IN UNDER.**

**JENNINGS:** *But...* on no account are we to be disturbed. On *no* account!

**SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS JENNINGS HURRIES AWAY.**

**MUSIC: BRIDGE MUSIC CREEPS IN UNDER.**

**MAN IN BLACK:** For “Suspense”, Roma Wines are bringing you as stars Mildred Natwick and Don DeFore in “The Furnished Floor” by Lucille Fletcher. Roma Wines’ presentation tonight in radio’s outstanding theatre of thrills – “Suspense”!

**MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME STING.**

**ANNOUNCER:** Between the acts of “Suspense”, this is Truman Bradley for Roma Wines. Happier days are here again. People are entertaining more and more, inviting friends over often, enjoying friendly visits in simple, sensible ways. One such way is to serve Roma California Sherry. In the words of famed hostess Elsa Maxwell, “I serve my guests Roma Sherry. There is nothing so friendly, so heartwarming as delicious, glorious, golden amber Roma Sherry. Rich and nutty mellow taste goodness, served cool. When I invite friends in, I always serve Roma Sherry as first call for dinner.” And Miss Maxwell might have added Roma Sherry is most enjoyable later in the evening, too; in fact, anytime. Roma Sherry, like all the famous Roma Wines, reflects the heritage of carefully selected grapes, freshly gathered at flavor fullness from California’s choicest vineyards. Quickly but gently pressed, then by a process as slow as time, brought to liquid perfection by Roma’s ancient wine-making skill and bottled at Roma’s famed wineries. Enjoy Roma Wines regularly. They are always unvaryingly good. Remember, because of uniformly fine quality at reasonable cost, more Americans enjoy Roma than any other wine. R. O. M. A. Roma Wines!

**MUSIC: SUSPENSE THEME.**

**MAN IN BLACK:** And now Roma Wines bring back to our Hollywood soundstage Don DeFore and Mildred Natwick in “The

Furnished Floor”, a play well calculated to keep you in...  
Suspense!

**MUSIC: BRIDGE. FADES OUT UNDER DIALOGUE.**

**HAWKINS:** Now, don’t get me wrong, Mrs. McIntyre, the last thing in the world I am is a busybody, but, well, you know, I don’t go out much on account of my heart and our two floors are kinda close. Downstairs in my dining room you can hear most everything that goes on upstairs. Now, wouldn’t you have thought I would have heard *somethin’* last night? Some talkin’ or footsteps or dishes rattlin’? Now I’m tellin’ you, I sat there til midnight and there wasn’t a thing, nothing at all, except...

**MUSIC: IN, CONTINUES UNDER DIALOGUE.**

**HAWKINS:** ... a moment, along about half past twelve, I hear the dumb waiter come rumblin’ down the shaft.

**SOUND: DUMB WAITER PASSING.**

**HAWKINS:** Oh, I just stole a peek and there, goin’ by with his claws stickin’ up in the air, was that little yellow canary – dead!

**MUSIC: STING.**

**SOUND: DOOR SHUTS. FOOTSTEPS.**

**JENNINGS:** Good morning, Mrs. Hawkins!

**HAWKINS:** (*coolly*) Good morning. And how’s Mrs. Jennings today?

**JENNINGS:** Wonderful!

**HAWKINS:** Feeling a bit better now?

**JENNINGS:** Oh, yes! Of course, she’s still very weak, but every day I’m sure will make her stronger. I have high hopes for her recovery.

**HAWKINS:** You had a doctor in to see her yet? Doctor Rubenstein, my doctor, is very good.

**JENNINGS:** No. (*beat*) I'm afraid a doctor wouldn't help her. Ha, ha, ha... nooo, no.

**MUSIC: BRIDGE.**

**SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS. FOUR DOOR KNOCKS.**

**HAWKINS:** (*having trouble breathing*) Mrs. Jennings!

**SOUND: FIVE DOOR KNOCKS.**

**HAWKINS:** Mrs. Jennings! It's Mrs. Hawkins! The lady downstairs.

**SOUND: SEVEN DOOR KNOCKS.**

**HAWKINS:** I heard you was sick, so I brung a little bit of lunch for you, Mrs. Jennings! It's just a little bowl of homemade chicken broth, but it's nice and rich.

**SOUND: SEVEN DOOR KNOCKS.**

**HAWKINS:** You sleepin', Mrs. Jennings? (*pause*) Okay, then I'll just slip in quietly with my own keys, if you don't mind, and leave it right beside your bed.

**SOUND: KEY STRUGGLING IN LOCK.**

**HAWKINS:** (*to herself*) Well, that's funny. Must have bought a new kind of lock. He didn't say *anything* to me.

**SOUND: SEVEN DOOR KNOCKS.**

**HAWKINS:** Mrs. Jennings?

**SOUND: RATTLING DOOR KNOB, WHICH CROSSFADES WITH MUSIC.**

**HAWKINS:** Mrs. *Jennings*?

**MUSIC: BRIDGE. CROSSFADES WITH CHIMES.**

**SOUND: CLOCK CHIMES TOLL FIVE. DOOR OPENS.**  
**FOOTSTEPS IN. DOOR SHUTS.**

**HAWKINS:** Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** (*gasps*) Oh! Oh, good evening, Mrs. Hawkins.

**HAWKINS:** You got a minute, Mr. Jennings? I'd like to speak to you, if you don't mind.

**JENNINGS:** Well, Mrs. Jennings is waiting for me upstairs...

**HAWKINS:** It's about Mrs. Jennings. She's still poorly, you say?

**JENNINGS:** Well, she is confined a good deal to her bed.

**HAWKINS:** Well, why don't you get someone in to look after her? I know a good woman, Mrs. McIntyre, goes out nursin' by the day...

**JENNINGS:** No! Oh, no.

**HAWKINS:** Well, I don't like it, Mr. Jennings. Lockin' her up like that every morning so not a soul can get in. Suppose somethin' happened?

**JENNINGS:** (*innocently*) What could happen?

**HAWKINS:** What could happen?! Anything could happen – a fire...

**JENNINGS:** (*smiling again*) Aw, that doesn't worry me.

**HAWKINS:** Or she could get worse and maybe even... die.

**JENNINGS:** Oh, no.

**HAWKINS:** Everybody's got to go sometime, Mr. Jennings. I wouldn't take no chances.

**JENNINGS:** Yes, I know. But... not her.

**HAWKINS:** Not her? Whatever do you mean, Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** Because she's... immune.

**HAWKINS:** Immune? Against...? She ain't got no contagious disease up there, has she?

**JENNINGS:** (*laughs*) No, no; it's nothing like that. Oh, Mrs. Hawkins, please, *please* don't worry or be uneasy. It's worked out so beautifully! It's nothing that can do you any harm. And we're *so* happy! So wonderfully happy!

**HAWKINS:** Well, let's hope. Oh, Mr. Jennings, I'll be up in about one hour with a plumber.

**JENNINGS:** (*not happy*) A plumber?

**HAWKINS:** I'm sorry to disturb you at suppertime, but there's something gone wrong with the pipes and we think it's upstairs, on your floor.

**JENNINGS:** (*low*) You can't come in! Mrs. Jennings will be sleeping.

**HAWKINS:** Plumber says it's the only time he can come. (*beat*) Unless he comes tomorrow afternoon while you're at the office. You want to leave me your key, Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** No, no – I can't.

**HAWKINS:** Well, he'll have to get in there sooner or later, Mr. Jennings. The water downstairs is all black and discolored.

**JENNINGS:** It's out of the question tonight! I'll discuss it with you in the morning.

**MUSIC: BRIDGE. IN, THEN UP AFTER NEXT LINE.**

**SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY.**

**HAWKINS:** (*thoroughly suspicious*) Okay, Mr. Jennings.

**HAWKINS:** (*after bridge*) Well, now, Mrs. McIntyre, how would you feel? Your own house goin' to rack and ruin and you can't even

do nothin' about it. I ask you, what kind of a *thing* has he got up there that nobody can see?

**MUSIC: MUSIC UNDER DIALOGUE.**

**HAWKINS:** I tell you, just sittin' here in this silent house night after night – gives me the creeps! And with my heart what 'tis... well, anyway, his two month's rent is up tomorrow. (*fading out*) And I got my mind made up. I got my mind made up...

**MUSIC: MUSIC OUT.**

**SOUND: DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS IN. DOOR SHUTS.**

**JENNINGS:** (*gasps*) Oh! Oh, good evening, Mrs. Hawkins. Why, I didn't know you for a minute, standing there in the dark.

**HAWKINS:** Well, I didn't want to miss you this time, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** No?

**HAWKINS:** I got your money this morning for next month, stuck under the door.

**JENNINGS:** Oh, yes, yes. I... I had to leave early. I hope it is all right.

**HAWKINS:** No. It wasn't all right. I'm sorry, but the floor's been rented, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** *Rented?*

**HAWKINS:** To a young serviceman and his wife from the fourth. They took it sight unseen this morning.

**JENNINGS:** Oh, but you *can't*!

**HAWKINS:** They're livin' in a crowded room on Eighty-First Street. It's *very* crowded. I told them I figured you could probably get most of your stuff out in a week.

**JENNINGS:** *A week? (getting a bit menacing)* I never told you I was going, Mrs. Hawkins.

**HAWKINS:** I'm sorry, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** *(stammering)* If it's a matter of a little more rent, I'll be glad to pay! I'll sign a lease – any kind of a lease you want!

**HAWKINS:** It's not a matter of rent or a lease, Mr. Jennings. It's just... I want my floor back, that's all.

**JENNINGS:** But Mrs. Hawkins...!

**HAWKINS:** I like *neighborly* people upstairs, Mr. Jennings. I'm home a lot. I like people I can trust. I don't want no mysteries in my house. New locks on the doors so no one can get in, sneakin's in and out at night...

**JENNINGS:** *(hoarse)* Oh, Mrs. Hawkins, I swear to you it's all right! Perfectly all right!

**HAWKINS:** All this business about Mrs. Jennings – never a face at the window, never a footstep on the floor or a dishrag hung out on the line...

**JENNINGS:** *Mrs. Jennings is ill.* She's not like other people.

**HAWKINS:** Hmph.

**JENNINGS:** I tell you, I won't go! You've got to let me stay!

**HAWKINS:** Here's your rent back, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** I haven't anyplace to go! This is my home! It's all I have! I've staked everything I have on being here! Everything!

**HAWKINS:** There are other floors vacant in this neighborhood.

**JENNINGS:** No. No, no. It's *got* to be this one. This... this particular floor! *(beat)* Mrs. Hawkins, if I could *buy* the house – the whole house...



**HAWKINS:** Buy the house?!

**JENNINGS:** Yes, yes, if it's for sale. Perhaps you've never thought of selling it, but I can give you a good price! I'd scrape the money together somehow... !

**HAWKINS:** This house ain't for sale. It happens to be my home, too, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** Oh, I know, I know, but you're all alone now that Mr. Hawkins is... I mean, it's a heavy responsibility – a big house and all those stairs to keep clean and the repairs and all. Oh, Mrs. Hawkins – if you'd only reconsider! I'd do *anything*...

**HAWKINS:** Nope. It's too much for me. I don't understand it. Why *can't* she see me and talk to me? Why *can't* she invite me in for a cup of tea and explain?

**JENNINGS:** Because she... she *can't*!

**HAWKINS:** 's matter with her that she can't? Is she so ugly or so beautiful or so crazy? Who... who is she, anyway?

**JENNINGS:** (*sighs*) I can't tell you.

**HAWKINS:** Okay, Mr. Jennings; then that's that.

**SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AWAY. DOOR SLAMS.**

**MUSIC: BRIDGE, WHICH CROSSFADES WITH SOUND EFFECTS.**

**SOUND: CLOCK CHIMING MIDNIGHT. BANGING ON THE DUMB WAITER SHAFT.**

**JENNINGS:** (*Sing-song calling down the shaft*) Mrs. *Hawwwkins!*  
Mrs. *Hawwwkins!*

**HAWKINS:** Yes?! I'm here! Mr. Jennings! At the dumb waiter!

**SOUND: DUMB WAITER TRUNDLING DOWN.**

**JENNINGS:** (*Calling down the shaft*) Mrs. Hawwwkins!

**HAWKINS:** Yes, Mr. Jennings! What is it?

**JENNINGS:** (*Calling down the shaft*) I'm sending you down the key on the dumb waiter! She wants you to come up!

**HAWKINS:** She?

**JENNINGS:** (*Calling down the shaft*) Mrs. Jennings!

**SOUND: DUMB WAITER STOPS.**

**JENNINGS:** (*Calling down the shaft*) Okay? Got it?

**HAWKINS:** (*nervous*) Yes. She wants me to... come up now, Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** (*Calling down the shaft*) That's right!

**HAWKINS:** Well, it's kinda late – if she ain't so well.

**JENNINGS:** (*Calling down the shaft*) That's all right! She's feeling much better tonight! She wants to talk to you! About the floor! Before it's too late!

**HAWKINS:** Okay. I'll be right up.

**SOUND: CLOSES DOOR. FOOTSTEPS GOING UPSTAIRS. LOTS OF THEM.**

**HAWKINS:** (*sounds of difficulty catching her breath on the stairs.*)

**SOUND: DOOR KNOCKS.**

**HAWKINS:** (*catching her breath*) Okay, Mr. Jennings. I'm here.

**JENNINGS:** (*off-mike*) Come in! You have the key.

**SOUND: KEY IN LOCK.**

**HAWKINS:** Well... okay.

**SOUND: DOOR UNLOCKS; CREEEEEEAKS OPEN.  
COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS IN.**

**HAWKINS:** Well... where's your lights, Mr. Jennings? I can't see a thing.

**JENNINGS:** (*off-mike*) I'll light a candle in a moment. (*cheerfully*) Mrs. Jennings prefers the dark. But you know this floor so well, Mrs. Hawkins. Come in!

**HAWKINS:** Where *are* you, Mr. Jennings?

**JENNINGS:** (*off-mike*) Right in here. In the parlor. Sitting on the sofa.

**SOUND: DOOR SLAMS SHUT.**

**HAWKINS:** Ooo!

**JENNINGS:** (*approaching mike*) That's just the wind. There's always a little draft blowing in here. Won't you sit down, Mrs. Hawkins?

**HAWKINS:** Uh, no. Thanks. I'm only going to stay a minute. Just long enough to meet Mrs. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** (*so friendly!*) Ohhh, but you've already met her!

**HAWKINS:** Already... met her?

**JENNINGS:** Don't you remember? Five years ago. A rather chilly day. The rain was falling. She rang the bell. To ask about the upstairs floor. Then you invited her in for a cup of tea.

**HAWKINS:** (*on guard*) I'm afraid you're mistaken. That was the first Mrs. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** (*smiling*) That's what I mean.

**HAWKINS:** Oh. Oh, no, Mr. Jennings...

**JENNINGS:** *Now* do you understand, Mrs. Hawkins? *Now* do you know why we couldn't ever... go away?

**HAWKINS:** We? But that couldn't... well, the first Mrs. Jennings is...

**JENNINGS:** I know; you saw her coffin in this very room, didn't you, Mrs. Hawkins? You saw them take her away. I think that you even followed out to that cold, dark cemetery...

**HAWKINS:** Well... but... it...

**JENNINGS:** ... but she couldn't stay away. She pleaded with me in my dreams to bring her back and... (*low; happy*) I brought her back!

**HAWKINS:** Oh. Oh, no, Mr. Jennings. Don't say such things.

**JENNINGS:** "If everything were the same as in the past," she said, "we could *have* the past." If I furnished our old floor with the same things, she'd live here, too.

**HAWKINS:** (*trying to get past him*) Excuse me, Mr. Jennings, I'm afraid I have...

**JENNINGS:** No, no, no, don't go yet.

**HAWKINS:** (*breathing hard*)

**JENNINGS:** There's nothing *frightening* about it! Would you be afraid to look at a forsythia bush that had been asleep all winter? Or a tulip? Or a tree?

**HAWKINS:** I... I ain't afraid, Mr. Jennings. (*like hell she ain't*) I only...

**JENNINGS:** *Listen!*

**HAWKINS:** (*her breathing is labored... then:)* What?

**JENNINGS:** You don't hear it? In the bedroom? The rocking?

**HAWKINS:** No.

**JENNINGS:** (*calling softly, eerily*) Mabel! Mabel!

**HAWKINS:** No. Don't! Don't call her – I... I... I hear it, Mr. Jennings.

**JENNINGS:** Oh, but she *wants* to meet you. She's always loved you so much.

**HAWKINS:** (*breathing hard*) I... I really... I'd just as soon... some other time, Mr. Jennings.

**SOUND: SHAKING THE DOOR KNOB.**

**HAWKINS:** The door. Oh, the door is locked!

**JENNINGS:** It snapped shut behind you.

**HAWKINS:** (*breathing, breathing*)

**JENNINGS:** Really, Mrs. Hawkins, don't go. She'll be in, in a moment! There! There! She's coming down the hall...!

**HAWKINS:** Now let me outta this! D'you hear? Let me out!

**SOUND: SHAKING THE DOOR KNOB.**

**HAWKINS:** My heart can't stand it!                      **JENNINGS:** Oh! Oh! Ohhh!

**JENNINGS:** (*happy!*) There she is!

**HAWKINS:** (*horrified pause*) Where?

**JENNINGS:** Standing in the doorway! Mrs. Hawkins! She's going to sing for you.

**HAWKINS:** Oh, me.

**JENNINGS:** (*pleased*) This is the first night she's been able to. Do you remember the old song she used to sing of an evening?

**HAWKINS:** ... the lock!

**JENNINGS:** "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"?

**HAWKINS:** I don't want to hear it! (*breathing heavy*)

**JENNINGS:** Oh, please, please, Mrs. Hawkins. She's very timid. You'll frighten her.

**HAWKINS:** The dead can't come back! They never wanna live on this Earth again...!

**JENNINGS:** Go on, Mabel dearest. Don't mind. You're looking very beautiful tonight, my darling! I like that dress. Do you remember when we bought it? On our first wedding anniversary...

**HAWKINS:** (*going to pieces*) Well, why don't they *all* come back, then?! Why couldn't my poor old John?

**JENNINGS:** Sit down, dearest. There. Now it seems like old times again. The flower in your hair. The canary singing in his cage.

**HAWKINS:** No! My air blocked. Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, I told you! My Heart! Oh, get a doctor! Quick!

**JENNINGS:** Your voice. Your voice is always like a bird's to me.

**HAWKINS:** Oh... ohhhhhhh!

**JENNINGS:** I'll never forget the first time I ever heard it. Of an evening, in spring.

**HAWKINS:** Oh! Oh!

**JENNINGS:** At the Calvary Baptist Church.

**HAWKINS:** A doctor! Quick!

**JENNINGS:** Play, dear. Play.

**HAWKINS:** (*Moaning*)

**MUSIC: PIANO: "SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT".**

**HAWKINS:** (*heart attack, and...*)

**MUSIC: STOPS.**

**SOUND: BODY THUMP.**

**JENNINGS:** Go on, dearest. It's all right. Sing.

**MUSIC: PIANO: “SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT”.**

**JENNINGS:** (*sings*) Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home...

**MUSIC: ORCHESTRA BLENDS IN WITH PIANO.**

**JENNINGS:** (*sings*) Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home!

**MUSIC: ORCHESTRA PLAYS END OF SONG TO CONCLUDE ACT II.**

**MAN IN BLACK:** Roma Wines have brought you Mildred Natwick and Don DeFore as stars of “The Furnished Floor”, tonight's study in...

**MUSIC: STING.**

**MAN IN BLACK:** ...Suspense!

**ANNOUNCER:** This is Truman Bradley for Roma Wines, the sponsor of “Suspense”. When planning dinner for family or friends, every woman will be interested in the suggestion of famed hostess Elsa Maxwell: “The serving of good, tasty meals attractively is an art; but so simple. Dine by soft candlelight and serve Roma California Sauternes, that vintner's masterpiece, with as much glamour as a Hollywood star. Hale golden Roma Sauternes has not only glamour, but a delicacy of fragrance and goodness of taste, that lends enchantment and fullness to the pleasure of dining. Enjoy Roma Sauternes often.” And here's a hint on how to make better cocktails: make them with zestful, full-flavored Roma Vermouth. The vermouth of almost a hundred rare herbs, made and bottled in the heart of California's famous vineyards; yet surprisingly low priced. Try Roma Vermouth soon, won't you?

**MAN IN BLACK:** Mildred Natwick will soon be seen in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production “Yolanda and the Thief”. Don DeFore is currently being seen in the Hal Wallis production “You Came Along”, a Paramount picture. Next Thursday, you will hear Miss Myrna Loy as star of...

**MUSIC: STING.**

**MAN IN BLACK:** ...Suspense! Radio's outstanding theatre of thrills!

**ANNOUNCER:** Presented by Roma Wines. R. O. M. A. Made in California for enjoyment throughout the world.

**MUSIC: CLOSING THEME.**

**ANNOUNCER:** This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

**MUSIC: UP AND OUT.**

THE END.